

1949



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1949

Starch and Stripes

of the

*Department of Nursing Faculty of Medicine
Columbia University Presbyterian Hospital
School of Nursing*

New York City





Our Dean
Margaret E. Conrad

Greetings to the Class of 1949!

The yearbook for the Class of 1949 should be a chronicle of notable events, for these three years have been full of achievement.

Yours was the excitement of arrival before the new wings on Maxwell Hall were furnished,—and your first year was busy with visitors viewing your domain at all hours of the day and night. Visitors from all over the world have been the order of the day, since the meetings of the International Council of Nurses in the spring of your freshman year. Yours was the distinction of starting the celebration of "The Half-Way Mark" in the middle of your second year. The installation of General Eisenhower as President of Columbia University coincided with the opening of your senior year,—and your class president represented all of our students in that remarkable academic procession.

Your success in the 1948 Red Cross Drive (\$1,116.00) and in the 1949 spring bazaar benefitting the Foster Parents Plan for War Children (\$1,900.00); the establishment of the Sample Room as a regular service in Maxwell Hall, and its fine contribution toward the Yearbook; your effective interest and support of the student recruiting activities: all of these achievements combined with your outstanding academic and professional records bear permanent testimony to your abilities, to your good judgment in choosing leaders within your group, and to your fine spirit of cooperation.

We congratulate you on all of these achievements. We promise you our sincere interest in the years to come, wherever you may be; and we welcome your resourcefulness and your high ideals in the ranks of our alumnae!

Margaret E. Conrad

*We
Dedicate
to . . .*



*Ruth A. Lynch
Our Class Adviser*

We, the Class of 1949, are proud to dedicate our yearbook to Miss Ruth Lynch, who, as our class adviser, with her gracious and kindly personality, has guided us through these three years, patiently listening to our troubles and giving us sage advice. In this manner we have tried to show our appreciation for her untiring efforts and inspiring interest in molding our careers.



Helen Young

Director Emeritus School of Nursing
Presbyterian Hospital

*Our
Honorary
Members*



Dr. George Humphreys

Director of Surgical Service
Presbyterian Hospital



*Portrait
of*

1949

LAN



June Ethelyn Abercrombie

17 South Ferris Street
Irvington-on-Hudson, New York

"Did you ever have the measles,
and if so, how many?"



Virginia M. Allen

402 Park Avenue
Rutherford, New Jersey

"Humor is the harmony of the heart."



Susan Atwood

112 Delaware Avenue
Ithaca, New York

"Uneasy rests the head that wears
a crown."



Lois M. Baker

Pine City, New York

"Enjoy the present day."

Beebe



Elizabeth J. Beebe

Lampang, Siam

"Sober, steadfast, and demure."

Ollie



Olive M. Benn

46 Carnegie Avenue
East Orange, New Jersey

"The wise are never without friends."



Beebe

Anne Elizabeth Bethell

20 North Broadway
White Plains, New York

"How we laughed as we labored
together!"

Su.



Elizabeth D. Bird

c/o Mrs. C. L. Richmond
Washington, Connecticut

"Sings, plays, and dances well."

Connie



Constance Birney

935 Clay Avenue
Scranton, Pennsylvania

"Oh world, I cannot hold thee
close enough!"

Geraldine



Geraldine L. Bishop

345 East 36th Street
Paterson, New Jersey

"Admire her for her wit,
if she be talking."



Harriett Boland

1707 North Webster Avenue
Dunmore, Pennsylvania

"She never yet was foolish that was fair."

Belle

-marthy



Martha Fuller Borden

Nashoba Road
Concord, Massachusetts

"Like, but, oh so different!"

Doris



Doris Eleanor Borglum

765 - 49th Street
Brooklyn 20, New York

"Life is mostly froth and bubble."

Nancy



Nancy Bristol

Three Mile Hill
Middlebury, Connecticut

"She walks in beauty like the night."



Ernie

Evelyn Louise Brown

56 Bergen Avenue
Ridgefield Park, New Jersey

"For a light heart lives long."

Annie B.



Annie Elizabeth Bullick

68-26 Fleet Street
Forest Hills, New York

"So little done, so much to do!"

Bunny



B. Elizabeth Bunting

437 Roosevelt Avenue
Northfield, New Jersey

"I have no superfluous leisure."

Elyse



Elyse Campbell

814 North Wooster Avenue
Dover, Ohio

"Dainty charms proclaim."



Shirley

Shirley Elizabeth Carlson

419 Newland Avenue
Jamestown, New York

"They are never alone who are
accompanied by noble thoughts."

hiz



Marjorie Elizabeth Cooper

Washingtonville, New York
"A dewey freshness fills the air."

Del



Dorothy L. Delamater

3118 Old French Road
Erie, Pennsylvania

"Few things are impossible to diligence
and skill."

TITARTY



Martha Elizabeth Ernst

9308 - 70th Avenue
Forest Hills, New York

"Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind."



Annie

Ann Evtushek

Huff Avenue
Manville, New Jersey

"I'm dancing on a volcano."

Cathie



Catherine M. Federoff

352 East Second Street
Erie, Pennsylvania

"I yearn upward."

Geo



Gloria A. Gaylord

138 Crane Avenue
Pittsfield, Massachusetts

"Quiet and sweet, pleasing to meet."

Cecilia



Cecelia Antoinette Graham

512 North McKean Street
Butler, Pennsylvania

"Oh, call back yesterday!
Oh, time return!"



harry

Lorraine M. Grant

450 Dunham Avenue
Mount Vernon, New York

"Vivacity is the gift of woman."

Steel



Estelle Marie Guidice

38 Chilton Street
Elizabeth, New Jersey

"Nothing great was ever achieved
without enthusiasm."

Betsy



Elizabeth Guy

Afton, New York

"And lose no friends, and gain no foes."



Martha E. Haber

Kings Ferry Road
Montrose, New York

"Common sense is instinct, and enough
of it is genius."

Marty



Ruth Hall

Park and Jackson Avenues
Seaford, New York

"A good laugh is sunshine."

Ruthie

Duchess



J. Audrey Havice

Parkview Terrace
Lewistown 1, Pennsylvania

"So much lay before her of work to do."

"C"



Elsie Hedlund

418 Furman Street
Schenectady 4, New York

"Let the world slide!"



Frances

Frances Bevier Hiller

102 Beechwood Road
Summit, New Jersey

"Silence hath more eloquence
than speech."



Pat

Patience Horney

Haworth, New Jersey

"Although the last, not the least."



Hotch

June Carol Hotchkiss

Cloverly Circle
East Norwalk, Connecticut

"I never think of the future.
It comes soon enough."



Ruth A. Hovey

8 Rhynas Drive
Mount Vernon, New York

"As merry as the day is long."



Helen Marla Hulberg

316 East 241st Street
Woodlawn 66, New York

"Brevity is the soul of wit."



Jo Ann Jackson

24 Summit Avenue
Lakewood, New York

"Blessings on him who first
invented sleep."



Marilyn Ellen Jones

63 Larchmont Road
Elmira, New York

"The word 'impossible' is not
in my dictionary."

Mary



Marjorie A. Jones

146-04 35th Avenue
Flushing, Long Island

"I count only the hours that are bright."



Lois

Lois G. Keppler

306 Bradhurst Avenue
Hawthorne, New York

"This life is most jolly."



Kim

Audrey Kimball

601 Walnut Lane
Roxborough, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

"Talent is nurtured in solitude."



Dottie

Dorothy A. Lakeman

Machias, Maine

"What other state compares
with Maine?"

Georgia



Georgina Leek

Purchase Street
Purchase, New York

"I place early rising as a means of health
and happiness."



Eve

Eva LeGrow

111-24 126th Street
South Ozone Park, Long Island

"She is beautiful and therefore
to be wooed."



Lucy

Lucille E. Levin

Route No. 4
Jamestown, New York

"No small art it is to sleep."

Jane



Mary Jane Livingston

1703 Menoher Boulevard
Johnstown, Pennsylvania

"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
her infinite variety."

Lucy



Lucille D. Manning

51 Allen Street
Johnson City, New York

"I am part of all that I have met."

Joanie



Joan Mariani

c/o H. L. Boulton, Jr. and Company
Maracaibo, Venezuela

"Wit is the salt of conversation."



Shirley

Shirley P. McKay

11 Newport Avenue
West Hartford, Connecticut

"An archangel, just a little damaged."

Ginnie



Virginia M. Morrison

262 Carlton Terrace
Teaneck, New Jersey

"The pursuit of sweetness and light."



Mary Lou

Mary Lou Neylan

19 King Street
Ardsley, New York

"Of surpassing beauty in the bloom
of youth."



Lucy

Lucy Ann Nichols

118 White Plains Avenue
White Plains, New York

"Combine all wisdom, art, and skill."



Nicoll

Rose Anita Nicoll

5607 203 Street
Bayside Hills, Long Island

"Her secret is patience."



Shirley

Shirley Ruth Noddings

88 Ravine Drive
Matawan, New Jersey

"In measureless content."

Vern



Verna S. Palmer

Rochester, Vermont

"When silence speaks for love, she has much to say."

Phyll



Phyllis Lee Partridge

620 West 168th Street
New York 32, New York

"Let all things be done decently and in order."



Jane

Jane Purtil

South Glastonbury, Connecticut

"While fast the happy minutes flew."

Bette



Elizabeth Reimet

127 West Central Avenue
Moorestown, New Jersey

"I'll have a fling."

Ethel



Ethel E. Rematore

617 East Ellsworth Avenue
Denver, Colorado

"Good taste is the flower of good sense."

Reut



Mary Reutter

85 Walnut Street
East Hartford, Connecticut

"Such conduct bears philanthropy's
rare stamp."

Mary G



Mary G. Reynolds

27 North 16th Street
East Orange, New Jersey

Serene and calm as an untroubled day."

Joannie



Joan Elisabeth Roberts

99 Wilbur Drive
Newington, Connecticut

"A merry heart doth good like
a medicine."

Rita



Rita Ruane

106 Darrow Street
Quincy, Massachusetts

"And onward rushes with tempestuous
tide."



Betty

Elizabeth Sawyer

722 West 168th Street
New York City

"Subtlety of intellect."



Shad

Dody



Nancy Maxwell Shattuck

116 Middle Street
Portsmouth, New Hampshire

"A woman's hopes are woven of
sunbeams."

N. Doris Shisler

46 Sagamore Terrace
Buffalo 14, New York

"Good sense and good nature must
ever join."



Barb

Barbara L. Smith

344 Broadway
South Portland, Maine

"Fair weather cometh out of the north."



Smith

Doris L. Smith

34 Overlook Road
Cedar Grove, New Jersey

"Never brag, never bluster, never blush."



Helen

Helen Mary Stein

68 Columbia Terrace
Weehawken, New Jersey

"Though I am always in haste,
I am never in a hurry."



Stueck

Carolyn A. Stueck

Royalton, Minnesota

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle,
and low."

A.J.



A. Jane Thomas

1241 South Hawthorne Road
Winston-Salem 7, North Carolina

"You flavor everything. You are the
vanilla of society."



Joyce Elizabeth Thompson

46 Murray Avenue
Goshen, New York

"Good humor is goodness and wisdom
combined."

Joy



Nancy Anne Thompson

532 Lincoln Avenue
Maywood, New Jersey

"To live long, it is necessary to live
slowly."

Nan

Mary Dean



Mary Dean Towers

4 Coral Avenue
Rome, Georgia

"Still linger in our northern clime
some remnant of the good old times."



Nell

Nellie M. Walter

361 North Eighth Street
Lebanon, Pennsylvania

"Simplicity of character is the natural
result of profound thought."



Lila

Lila Rose Weiss

285 Schenectady Avenue
Brooklyn 13, New York

"Don't gallop Pegasus to death."



Mari

Mary J. Whitesell

120 East Main Street
Buckhannon, West Virginia

"Life is a shuttle."



Woodie

Fannie Davis Wood

6043 Grove Street
Ridgewood, New York

"Diligence is the mother of
good fortune."



Our Leaders in 1949

LUCILLE MANNING
President

LOIS BAKER
Vice President

OLIVE BENN
Secretary

ELIZABETH GUY
Treasurer



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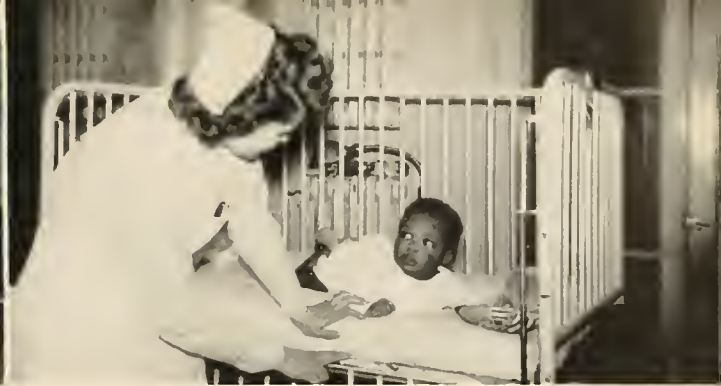
Our Story

Although it seems like yesterday, it was 'way back in September 1946 when a valiant band of "'49ers" arrived in Maxwell Hall to begin the quest for something far more enriching than gold—a career in nursing. We arrived by subway, bus, and Hudson Tube loaded with everything from suitcases to saxophones, and, of course, the ever-essential black shoes and stockings, watches and fountain pens. After a hearty welcome from our big sisters in the form of a tea, and an introduction to the twists and turns of our home to be for the next three years, the 104 girls in gray settled down to liven up the place (or so we thought). Quickly assimilated into the hustle and bustle of Manhattan, having been guided around the isle by Miss Rathbun, we soon got into the routine of early breakfast and "room duty", and were able to get dressed in the amazing speed of twenty minutes, despite the tourniquet action of the high white collar and the inevitable broken shoelace. The

jump from eggs-a-la-goldenrod to sheep's eye dissection was hard on some, and Dr. Rogers' cadaver demonstrations will always outrank "The Return of Frankenstein" in our sensitive memories. Classes sped on, pleasantly prefaced by the skit and party given by the ever-encouraging Class of 1947. (We didn't know about the O.R. then!) We were given bandage scissors which were lost and found, exchanged and forgotten, and continually searched for for the following six months.

In addition to our vigorous scholastic program, Miss Rathbun assumed charge of our shapeless forms with swimming, (did someone's notes get dripped on?) gymnastics and folk dancing, and the beloved infrequent lessons in relaxation. Nursing Arts was in full swing and we were all given a bed bath the day the painters were doing the outside of the demonstration room windows. The transition from classroom to ward (where the patients were a little more flexible) was passed through





with a minimum of upsets and we recovered from looking wildly around when someone called, "Nurse!". We toyed with the idea of putting balloons on our hair nets to "keep it off the collar", although some wielded the scissors in desperation. Miss Lynch became the class adviser and to the amazement of all did not acquire a grey hair over our trials, tribulations and antics for the remainder of three years. The class assumed responsibility for the Wednesday afternoon teas and enjoyed the first informal dance.

Just before Thanksgiving, examinations began and our heads reeled with the facts and figures required and the skills to be demonstrated. We were soon measured for stripes and left for a week's vacation at Christmas. On return some began full time experience on the wards while the rest continued with the last few weeks of classes. We learned to mix castor oil cocktails or change dressings depending on which service had us under its

wing. The Welcoming Ceremony was an inspiration to all, and the morning after, in deference to the additions to our professional wardrobes, we proudly stood inspection as full fledged members of the School of Nursing. Freshman classes began and each week a few of us sheepishly retrieved notebooks that had been confiscated from the dining-room shelves. The chosen few on relief or night duty got used to Rissole potatoes for breakfast and our first year as Presbyterian students sped past, punctuated with the spring formal and our Big Sisters' Bazaar and Graduation. Vacations arrived (and were used up) with an unbelievable rapidity, and we saw in September the Class of 1950 re-enacting our struggles with hair, collars and the broken shoelaces at 7:45 A.M.

That year, as jaunty juniors we were given a morale booster by the announcement of the forty-four hour week, and began special services with fresh notebooks and a determination



to keep them out of Miss Vanderbilt's office. We got used to riding up to our rooms on elevators, and in between hot hours at the beach or on the roof, started Junior Classes, with a fond reminiscing about our recent vacations. As junior students we assumed more responsibility on the wards, feeling quite superior when someone else sterilized the thermometers by boiling them. We were pleased to announce that Miss Helen Young and Dr. George Humphreys had accepted our invitation to become honorary class members. This year we took charge of the annual Red Cross drive, and initiated the tradition of the Half-Way Party to remind us that a great deal was behind us as well as a great deal ahead. By this time everyone was familiar with nursing care studies (Say, who's written a good ENT study?) and had spent some time in the two libraries at our disposal.

After the graduation of the Class of 1948 and their various finishing days, we felt very "seniorish" and even more so when our own "little sisters" arrived, tanned and enthusiastic, to be taught the tricks of getting dressed in twenty minutes. October not only marked the welcoming party, but the opening of our first "million-maker," the Sample Shop, with everything from salt-shakers to cigarettes. Christmas arrived with the annual caroling through the hospital by candlelight, and decoration of the windows with paints and holly, angels and wise men. The preliminary students departed in a flurry of snow and suitcases. Soon after their return, the Welcoming Ceremony marked the official entrance of the Class of 1951 into the School of Nursing.

Under the capable chairman, Shirley McKay, the bazaar benefiting the Foster Parents' Plan for War Children, Inc. was a big success and \$1,900 was realized as a result of Maxwell Hall knitting, sewing, baking, and building, assisted by the faculty and graduates. Orals were upon us, and after the pre-exam jitters we realized that we did know something after all (how much bile is manufactured in twenty-four hours?). Mrs. Mell clucked over our increases and decreases in girth while measuring for our "graduation stripes", and we went shopping for white shoes to outfit our feet on the big day. The yearbook at last went to press

after Kep finally found the missing subscriber (Miss Hush).

With the coming of May twelfth, senior festivities really got under way, launched with the traditional class day banquet attended by faculty, supervisors and seniors. Shrimp cocktail, chicken, and strawberry shortcake highlighted the menu, and we were promised once more by Mr. Parke that Orthopedic Hospital was on its way uptown. Miss Young, our honorary class member, cheered us on, and Miss Lynch was presented with a portable radio in appreciation of her superhuman efforts to guide us to pins and diplomas. After-dinner entertainment was presented in Sturges Auditorium in the form of a skit and a song, solos by Sue Atwood, and a "thank-you" spoken by Martha Borden.

Somehow we all acquired new bursts of energy with the thoughts of graduation, and spent the week beforehand praying for a bright, clear day, giving up Rayburn and Finch for the weather reports each morning. Our fondest wish was realized and Thursday, June second, arrived gloriously dry and warm. Since we were the first class honored by the presence of President Eisenhower we felt that this day was a very special one indeed, and well worth three years of study and work. The day after graduation saw us wearing blue and white posies instead of graduation corsages as we were accepted into the enthusiastic membership of the Alumnae Association. Who will ever forget the fabulous dinner dance at the Hotel Pierre given by our sister Alumnae or the fact that even the late pass proctor was out until two A.M.? Now, as we await our scattered finishing days, we wonder how we did it, and look vainly for that activities record from last August.

A year from now, the Class of 1949 may be forgotten both by predecessors and followers, but we hope that we have left some memories for others to in part replace the many we are taking with us. As graduates of the Presbyterian Hospital School of Nursing, we remain inordinately fond of our school, our hospital and the friends and experiences acquired in the process of becoming alumnae.

G.L.B.



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Junior Class Officers

President	JOAN RICHARDSON
Vice President	ELIZABETH WESTBROOK
Secretary	RUTH HAGSTROM
Treasurer	JANE TOOROCK

Class of
1950





Freshman Class Officers

President	BETTY MOORE
Vice President	JANE FARRELL
Secretary	ELIZABETH MUCHMORE
Treasurer	RUTH FRARY

Our Little Sisters



The 'Forty-niners



Back in 1946
Came we here to Maxwell Hall
We look back with bleary vision
As we think about it all.

First came walks across the bridge
To the Park and Riverside
Throbbing feet and aching muscles
But we were Miss Rathbun's pride.



Every morning just at eight
To the basement we would tread,
Dr. Rogers taught us mysteries
Of the living and the dead.

January '47
Marked the day of blue and whites.
Freshmen looked with trepidation
To relief and also sighs.



Went to Clinic and the O. R.
And spent many nights on call—
Hardly had we done our hair up
Bzzz—the buzzer on the wall.

Went to Sloane where we learned
All the facts about this life.
Went to Psych and were neurotic
Analyzed our mental strife.



Had a party, half-way through
To commemorate the day
When as students we'd be finished
Just a step along the way.

Little sisters came to us
Some were big and some were small—
All in uniforms of grey
Listened to our stories tall.



Sleepless nights and days of worry
As we worked on our bazaar
Doctor's orals, comprehensives
How'd we ever get this far?

As we stand all eighty strong
Graduation is at hand.
Never mind what's still before us
Here we are, a shining band—

But should old acquaintance be forgot
Keep your eye on the Class of '49.





'49
reflects..

We'll Never



"Our first million"



"Doll tea"



"Hungry?"



"Shades of the opera"



"Any phone calls?"

Forget



"The world begins"



"Ready for tea"



"Five o'clock supper"



"No gravy, please"



"South wing conference"

Just As



"Remember when?"



"Practicing"



"Little sisters"



"C B C stat"



"Our drive"



"Another bland, please"

We Are



"Happy birthday"



"Everyone came"



"One Winter Night"



"Water Ballet"



"Quiet please"

Familiar Scenes



The Presbyterian Hospital Hymn

Dear Alma Mater from whose heights
All healing grace descends,
Enduring may thy help abide,
Reflect in us thy power to guide
Humanity as friends.

Across the shifting sands of time
The forward pathway leads;
With courage, faith, and will our guard
As 'Neighbors' serve without regard
To color, race, or creeds.

Oh grant us, Lord, that we may feel
Thy strength along the way,
The glory of Thy wisdom fill
Each loyal heart and mind until
Our last Commencement Day.

... Cecile Covell, '26



"Good morning"

Memories



"Lawmakers"



"I made it!"

"Going up?"



"Our Marys"

Linger



"Flower Ball"



"I have one"



"May I present"

"'Twas the night before Christmas"



We've Had



"Bazaar-1949"



"Big operators"



"Do you knit?"



"Sleepy Time Gal"



"Standard number 2"



"On affiliation"

Such Fun



"Cooperstown"



"Our dinner-dance"



"A gala evening"

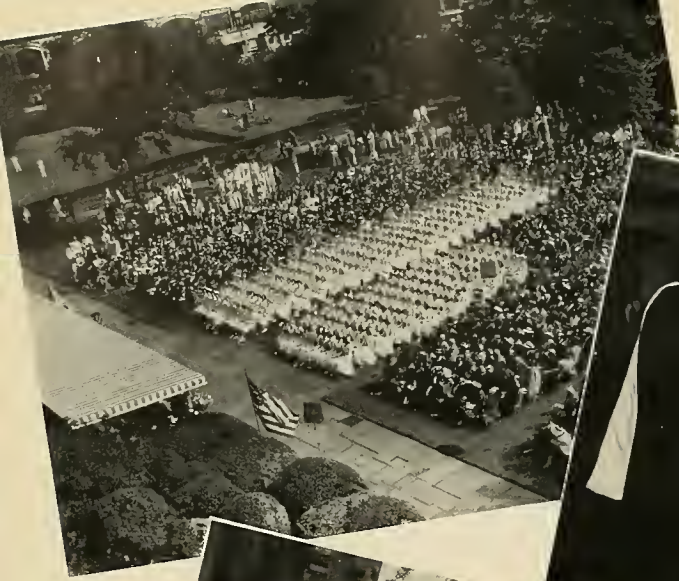


"Informal classes"



"Sitting one out"

From Dreams . . .



Photographs courtesy of
Public Relations Department
Presbyterian Hospital



... into Reality

Traditions We Cherish





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